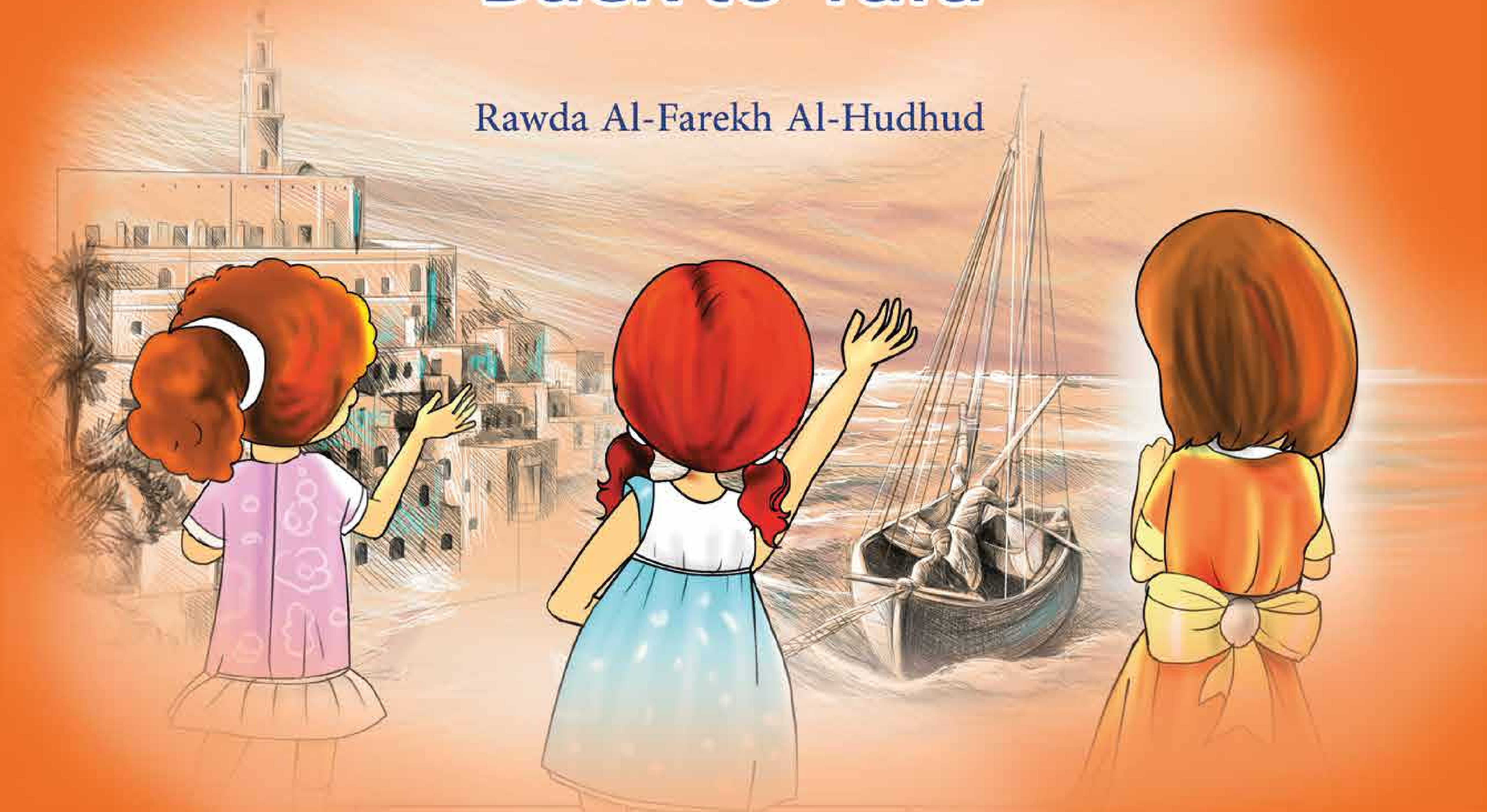
Memoris Of Time And Place (1)

Back to Yafa

Rawda Al-Farekh Al-Hudhud



MEMORIES OF TIME AND PLACE (1)

Back To Yafa

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King Hussein Bridge

In the spring of 1980, the three sisters Ezdi, Enji and Afti, packed their bags and headed to the bridge in order to travel to Yafa (Jaffa). This was their first visit after fifty years of separation.

They started telling each other about their tour in Yafa, where each girl wants to go, what each girl wants to see, who each girl is going to ask about, what will each girl buy, and what will each girl eat?

The driver, before they got to the outskirts of Yafa, (through the Jerusalem Road), offered them some juice, saying that it was orange juice which was taken of the oranges of Yafa, he also told them that he originally comes from Yafa and knows it more than they do.



The three sisters accepted the orange juice and drank it all at once, with a blink of an eye, something magical happened! Each one of them got back in time to when they were children, their bodies became smaller, their waists shrank, and their shoes got bigger, nothing was as it was before!

The driver smiled and said to himself, "They've become 50 years younger!"

Ezdi yelled at the driver and said, "What is this sir? What's in these big glasses in our hands? Where is our parents' house? Our house is in Al-Nuzha, and you are far from there! Do you know Al-Nuzha?

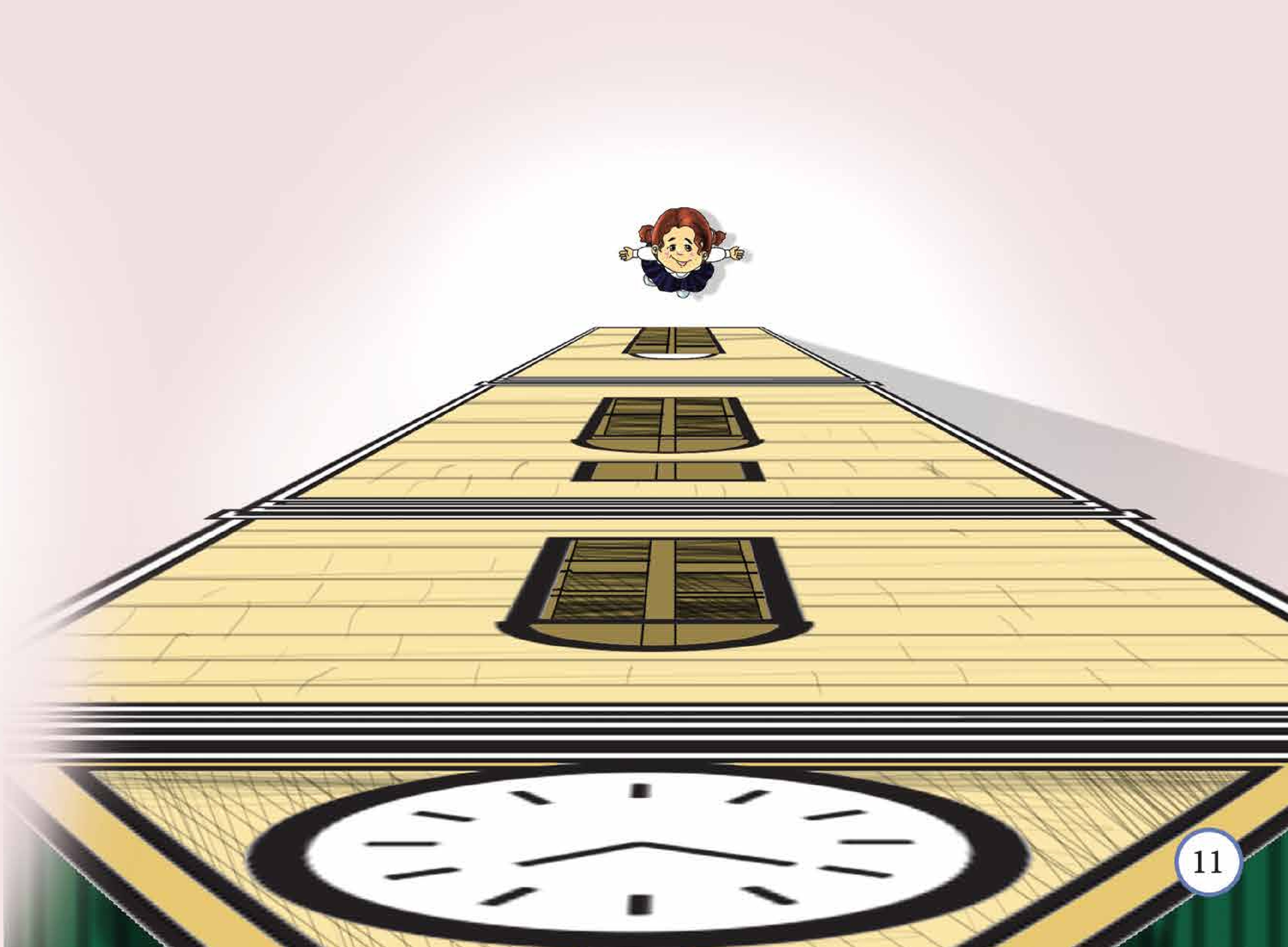
Go there, and I will show you the rest of the way."

And there they were, the three sisters were standing before the gate of their house, an iron gate with a balcony above it that oversees the highway. The three sisters then walked into the house calling out for their mother, who was making breakfast in the kitchen.

"We are late mother, the school bell will ring soon, and the headmistress will not accept us in the morning lineup if we're late, come on mother, come on."



Within seconds the girls put on their school's black uniforms with white collars and matching white socks, and headed to school, and took their place in the morning lineup. Seconds later, the teacher started playing beautiful music on the piano, while the students marched their way into their classrooms. While being in class, Ezdi looked at the date on the board, it was "15th – October -1940", then said to herself, "It is my cousin's wedding in days, it will be in the orange field, around the swimming pool, in between the orange trees, everyone is getting ready to make the celebration amazing, my sisters and I will be the most amazing ones of all.. I will go to buy a new shoes right now."



But the sisters didn't like staying at school, so Ezdi left her class to go to the beautiful streets of Yafa, to see the best shoes and clothes. She walked in Souq Iskandar, Souq Jamal Basha, and Souq Al-Darahaly, she kept wondering from one shop to the other, she passed by the square where The Big Clock was, and started staring at the Big Clock raising her head high to have a better sight of it, she kept wondering and wondering without giving any attention to the shops owners, or even the passersby, who were eyeing her.

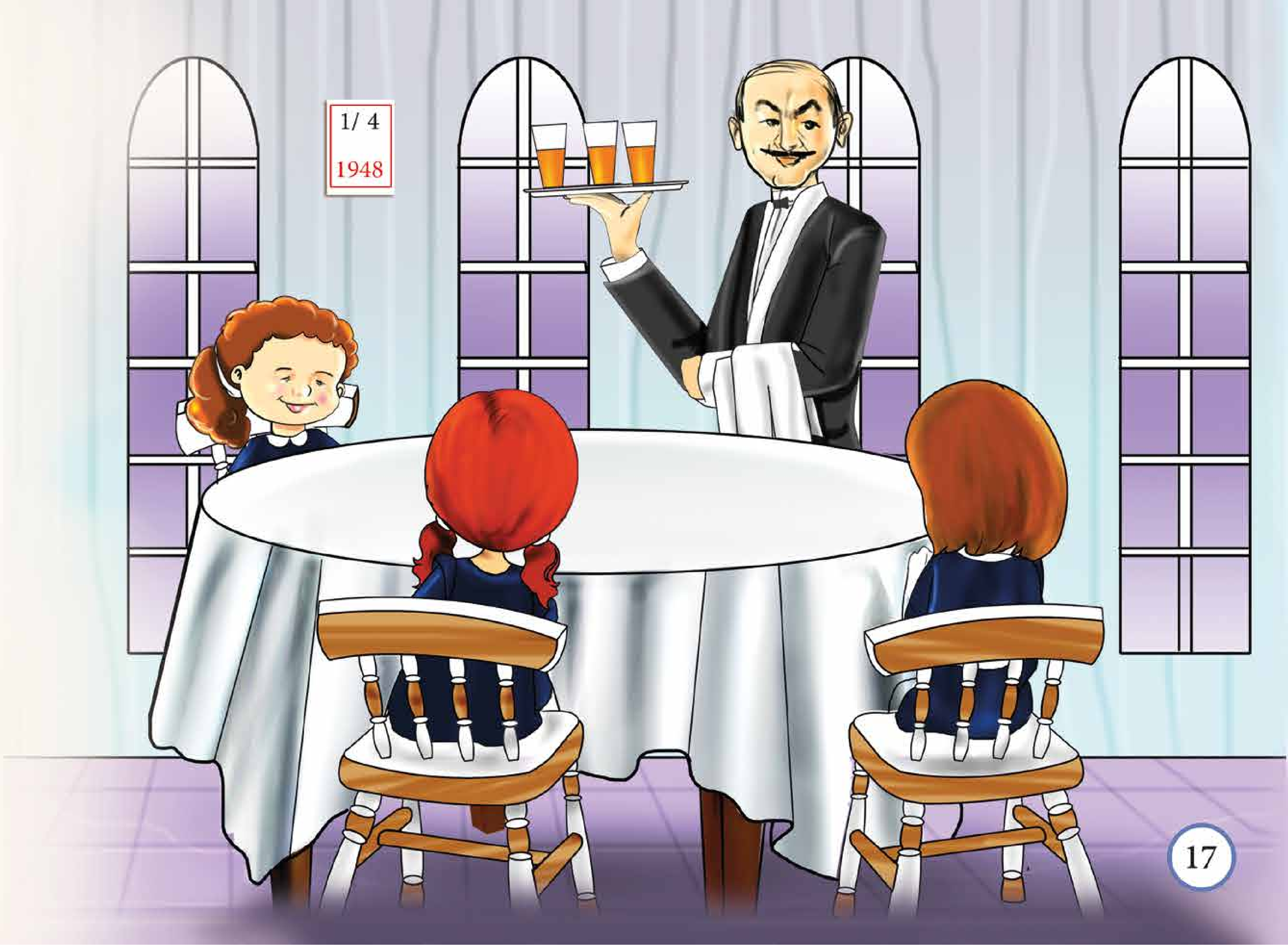


As for Enji, she went to the hill overseeing the sea, and called out for her cousin who lives up the hill. They started rolling down the hill over and over again, one could hear their laughter filling the place. Their dresses were swinging up and down their thighs. Her aunt's house was one of the most magnificent houses in Yafa. Her aunt was one of the most beautiful women there and was married to a very rich man. Her house was really one of the most luxurious houses on the cliffs overlooking the Mediterranean. Their house had nothing but the finest of imported furniture, there is a huge black ebonized piano decorating the entrance, which her cousin always showed off playing.



Afti, on the other hand headed straight to the sand beach, she didn't want to get into Yafa's main port where big ships load oranges, and she wanted to go to the Roubine Sand Beach. There, her new shoes for Al-Eid sunk into the soft sands of Roubine beach, she wanted to find her shoes to wear them because her father warned her; if she didn't find them, she would go to Al-Eid 'barefooted' and would not play with swings.

Afti took a ride on a howdah mounted on a camel's back, she spent the whole day looking for her shoes in the sand, yet she couldn't find them, so she started walking on the beach, and saw decorated beautiful tents all over the place, saw shops with nice stuff, felt the sea breeze, and played with the other kids. She was overwhelmed with love, joy and happiness.


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Hours later, the sisters met, near Sheik Younis Restaurant by the side of the sea, but they were surprised when they saw the waiter had brought them a tray with three half-full glasses of orange juice! What is even stranger, is that the waiter was the same taxi driver that had given them the orange juice at the beginning. The girls got puzzled, should they take the glasses, or should they just say no? Due to his insistence and piercing looks, the girls drank the magical potion of orange juice. Suddenly, their bodies grew, their breasts became fuller and their shoes fitted them once again, so they looked at one another and started laughing and giggling.
The waiter- the driver-, was smirking secretly, saying to himself, "Now they are fifteen years older!!"
Ezdi looked at the café's wall and noticed a huge calendar on that wall with that day's date "1st - April-1948", she felt like her heart stopped, and she didn't know why.



It was only hours until the situation had completely changed, echoes of bullets and bombs filled the place, here and there, houses were being destroyed and buildings were collapsing.
The sisters heard the merchants in Iskandar street saying that their shops were destroyed, heard the farmers in the orange fields saying that the bombs had uprooted a lot of orange trees, and those who were in the tents on the beach were saying that their tents were blown out of their place, and their merchandise was scattered and shredded into pieces, nothing was left anymore.
Fear dominated people's hearts. The girls were feeling shocked and sad! Where did all the beautiful clothes and shoes go? How were the orange tree branches and fruits crushed? Where did all the splendid lamps and beautiful tents of Roubine Beach go?
Enji's heart was filled with enthusiasm, so she headed to Al-Ajami neighborhood where there were a lot of men and scouts defending their city from these armed Jewish gangs.



Once she saw the intensity of bombing and bullets, and saw the number of martyrs of Yafa's men, she ran away feeling terrified.

A large number of Yafa's residents were running towards the port's dock. There, they were all getting onboard the small ships and boats at sea, dodging the bombs and bullets, they left Yafa without saying good bye, and boarded ships waiting for the war to end and the fighting to stop.

Out of the blue, this weird-eyed man appeared on a ship at the port, he was carrying thick ropes to tie the ship to the dock, he looked at the girls and told them to get on board quickly.

In moments, the three sisters were holding the hand of that stranger, boarding the ship, while there was a tray of orange juice glasses waiting for them.

** The End **



